THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1812.

MEMOIR OF MRS. CHAPONE.

THOMAS MULSO, Esq. of Twywell, in the county of Northampton, the father of Mrs. Chapone, was, at the time of her birth, the only son of the representative of a family established in that county before the reign of Edward the First; and originally possessed of landed property in that and the adjacent counties to the amount of 8000*l.* a year, but of which, from alienation, by means of heiresses, and other causes, only an inconsiderable portion remains to the present possessor. In the year 1719, he married the posthumous daughter of Colonel Thomas, of the Guards, usually distinguished by the appellation of 'the handsome Thomas.' Mr. Mulso had two sisters; the elder of whom, Anne, was married to the Rev. Doctor Donne, prebendary of Canterbury; the youngest, Susannah, to the brother of Mrs. Mulso, the Rev. Doctor John Thomas, who was several years preceptor to his present Majesty, and, through the bounty of Geo. II. and of his royal pupil, held successively the bishopricks of Peterborough, Salisbury, and Winchester,

Mr. and Mrs. Mulso had a numerous family of children; five only of whom lived to grow up, and of those five, Charles, the third son, an officer in the navy, died in the Mediterranean at the age of twenty one; Thomas, the eldest son, was bred to the law, and accompanied his father several years in the Oxford circuit, but resigned all practice on coming to possession of the paternal estate: he was afterwards made Registrar of Peterborough, and a Commissioner of Bankrupts;—John, the second son, was a Prebendary of the Cathedrals of Winchester and Salisbury; and held two valuable livings in the county of Hampshire; Edward, the youngest, had a place in the Excise office, and died suddenly of an apoplectic seizure, in April, 1782.

On the respective characters of these three brothers, it might here be thought allowable to dwell much more at large, were it intended that this narrative should include the life of more than one of the family; but, although each possessed qualities and talents well deserving that honorable mention should be made of him, we shall confine ourselves to the avowed subject of these memoirs.

Hester Mulso was born on the 27th of October, 1727, and was the only daughter who reached maturity; at a very early age, she exhibited proofs of uncommon genius, and facility of apprehension; with an imagination peculiarly lively, and a temper equally warm and ardent, her young mind was more impressed and delighted by the works of fancy than perhaps was quite consistent with due judgment, and her attachments more enthusiastic than might be compatible with her happiness. Mrs. C. it is presumed, however, forgot her *penchant* for romance reading, as she says in her letters, p. 35, she never loved romances. Romances appear to have been the favorite reading of females at that period, and it is not to be wondered at that this young lady, influenced by the example of those around her, should have read with avidity works so alluring in their composition, though so little instructive in their

tendency, or beneficial in their effects; useless however as such a study might have been to the generality of youthful readers, it was not wholly unproductive of advantage to her; for at nine years old, she herself composed a romance, called "The Loves of Amoret and Melissa;" in which, though the defects of style were, of course, such as would be expected from a child of that age, such fertility of invention, and extraordinary specimens of genius, were displayed as laid the foundation of that respect, and that admiration of her talents, to which her subsequent character and writings so fully entitled her. Such an understanding could not long be seduced by the absurdities of extravagant fictions; she soon turned with disgust from pursuits so unprofitable, and eagerly sought every opportunity of cultivating and improving her mind; but, besides the disadvantages of living in an age when the education of women was so little attended to, Miss Mulso had some domestic discouragements to contend against; her mother, who was a woman of uncommon beauty, and whose quickness of intellect was equal to her personal charms, was not without a proportionate share of vanity, and a consequent disposition to jealousy, naturally, "or in this instance it may be said unnaturally," attached to that vanity.

Accustomed to be almost the sole object of admiration and flattery, in whatever society she entered, she felt unwilling to relinquish any portion of that incense which she had fed upon so long;—in her daughter, she found indeed no rival of her beauty, but she discovered a competitor in her talents that even maternal affection did not teach her to yield to with complacency, and she was perhaps more tempted to withhold than to bestow the assistance and instruction that she was so well qualified to afford her. Let not this account unguardedly injure (says the author of Mrs. Chapone's life, affixed to her works) the memory of this *otherwise* really excellent woman: she had many admirable qualifications to counterbalance this one unfortunate weakness; and even for this some allowance must be made from

the excessive indulgence of an adoring husband, and a continued course of ill health; which together contributed to alter and sour a disposition originally amiable and respectable.

To the latter circumstance indeed may chiefly be ascribed the little attention she seemed disposed to bestow upon a child who would so amply have rewarded any pains she had taken for her improvement: her continual sufferings in a great measure unfitted her for the arduous task of education; and her daughter, who never failed to pay her every mark of affection and respect, was deprived of her at a time of life when, to the generality of young women, the loss of a mother would be considered as irreparable: from this period might be dated the commencement of the most important circumstances of Miss Mulso's life; at the same time that she took upon herself the management of her father's house, she also undertook the cultivation of her own understanding; and, by dint of active exertion and successful application, gained those mental improvements that secured to her that subsequent, and distinguished, and admired rank in the literary world which she was universally acknowledged to support. Though chiefly self taught, she was nearly mistress of the French and Italian languages, and even made some proficiency in the Latin tongue: her studies were useful as well as elegant; *she not only read, but reflected*; and so acute was her judgement that no disguise of flowing diction, or ornamented style, could mislead it. At an age when perhaps few readers are capable of very deep discrimination, she would scrutinize and controvert every point in which her own opinions did not acquiesce. That she read the Holy Scriptures both with delight and benefit to herself, her excellent directions for the study of them in her letters is a sufficient testimony; she had a turn both for Poetry and Philosophy; but whether it were that, from the sanguineness of her temper, she loved to look on the bright side of every object, and consequently shrank with dissatisfaction from

the unpleasing picture of human nature that truth exhibited, or from some other unknown cause, certain it is, she never, till towards the latter part of her life, could bring herself to relish the reading of history.

She was careful to select her acquaintance among persons from whom she could derive profit as well as pleasure; and it was probably owing to her enthusiastic admiration of genius, and desire of seizing every possible opportunity of improvement, that she became for a time one of the admirers of Mr. Richardson; but even the acknowledged authority of the celebrated writer of Clarissa could not obscure the clearness of her perception, nor check the ardor of investigation; the letters on the subject of parental authority and filial obedience, which make part of her works, prove with what ingenuity she could assert, and with what dignity, tempered with proper humility, she could maintain her own well grounded opinions.

Amongst those who composed the circle of Mrs. R's friends was Mr. Chapone, a young gentleman then practising the law in the Temple; for whom, from their first introduction, Miss Mulso appears to have entertained a distinguished esteem; as their intimacy improved, her attachment became rooted; and she had the gratification to see it was mutual; but before Mr. Chapone had made any declaration, she felt it incumbent upon her to apprize her father of the state of her heart; he was too indulgent rigidly to discourage what prudence forbade him to approve; he exacted a promise from her, that she would not enter into any engagement without his previous permission, a promise to which she rigidly adhered.

Mr. Mulso, at length perceiving that their esteem for each other obviously increased upon a further acquaintance, no longer prohibited their forming an engagement; though, from pecuniary difficulties, there was but little prospect of its concluding in a speedy union.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

Sir,

If you think the following translation, which you will readily perceive is from the Spanish, worthy your approbation, pray insert it, and you will much oblige

DE COURAYER.

SECOND LOVE, A TALE.

"Jonathan Parkinson had once been on the point of marriage, but his mistress had jilted him, and he had from that time determined not to suffer a passion which had once abused his feelings again to lay hold upon him; he did not abjure the sex, because he had been mistaken in one woman, but he resolved not to become the dupe of a second."

LATHOM.

However wise may have been the determination of the gentleman quoted above; it is likely that he escaped a second contagion more by chance than by any wise conduct of his own; as well might a man say he will not have a fever; love, almighty love, if he is bolted out from our doors, will assail us at the window. No man would fall in love, if he could avoid it, and one who throws himself in the midst of the fire of the fickle god, and expects afterwards to be happy, is just as reasonable as that man who, thrusting his hand into a hot cauldron, expects to withdraw it unhurt.

Don Torsedillos de Talavera was allied to the best families of Spain, and he was justly admired for the politeness of his manners, the brilliancy of his wit, and the elegant form of his person: he had been at one time the gayest of

the gay; fun, whim, and jollity, seemed to be the only deities whom he worshipped;—he partook of every pleasure with avidity, with an avidity which produced satiety; and he was, at the time we take up our memoir, more a man of pleasure from habit than enjoyment. Though his fortune was large, he had much reduced it; not from any real enjoyment he felt in the pursuit of extravagance, but because it was necessary he should do something to get rid of that time which *ennui* often made almost insupportable; he was always heard to speak of the other sex with bitterness; yet towards them, his demeanor was attentive and delicate: whether it arose from his indifference to them that they seemed to exert every nerve for his pleasure, or whether they pitied so fine a man for his misanthropy, we know not; but many a Spanish lady received him with a smile; they employed artists to copy his portrait by day, and their thoughts often wandered by night towards the resemblance when all the powers of religion refused to chain their attention even to their confessor. He was still seen at the Bull-fight, the Opera, and the Prado, but how different were his manners; at the former, he appeared listless; at the second, inattentive, and the latter, he measured with wide and grave steps. The donnas and duennas said all this was caused by love; for once they were right; he had been a martyr to this passion.

The lovely Rosalva had behaved to him in a manner which left no doubt in his mind but that he was beloved by her; he had been flattered by many; is it then to be wondered at that he thought he was sure of his game? Year flew after year in her society; she received all his attentions; but when he had made up his mind to marry her, he found she was engaged to another; in fact, she just saved him from a declaration of his passion by informing him of the expected arrival of her dear Juan, to whom she was to be married the following week.

A man should be careful not to form those habits whose strength fasten on him, and make them necessary to his

existence. Rosalva had so entwined herself about his heart from habit,—from, as he thought, admiration of his person and talents, that no woman could be like her; and when he found she cared no more for him, that she was now too much employed in thinking of the consummation of her own happiness, to think of his, he had no other resource but to pour out those regrets in the bosom of her sisters; regrets, engendered by pride and disappointment, which had converted a peaceable temper to dejection and irascibility, day after day saw him at Donna Seraphina's; he would there enquire after every circumstance relating to her sister, as if the account of every happiness she was enjoying could impart the like sensation to himself; it is true, it seemed to give him pleasure, but he cheated himself.

On the day of her marriage, he locked himself up in his study, and swore never to try to be happy again; left to himself, his disappointment preyed upon his frame, an alarming disease was the consequence; by the advice, however, of a beloved parent, he consented to accept of medical aid; and in order to regain his lost composure, took up his abode at Madrid: the sensations his bosom experienced, from the state of pain to convalescency, opened his heart once more to the blessings of health and society; he soon found that he had not much to regret in the loss of Rosalva; she had settled far distant from him; he no longer heard, or wished to hear from her, when one day he perceived meeting him on the road a coach, drawn by mules, bearing the colour of those commonly worn by her for whom he had once felt so tender a regard; a slight hectic passed over his face; he was determined to meet her; and he had resolved to be as polite to her as if nothing had occurred to hinder his attentions;—it was indeed the carriage of the family, but the occupier was not his *ci-devant* love, but the young Seraphina; she was about to spend a week with an aunt at Madrid. Don Torsedillos was well acquainted with Donna Ursula; he turned his

mule's head to accompany her return, and the conversation wandered, as usual when old friends meet, on those days which are past, whose pleasure, though at the time unacknowledged, are now owned as only real.

(To be continued.)

ON FEMALE ENVY.

How to be happy!

Qui fit, Mecænas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu Ratio dederat, Seu Fors objicerat, illâ
Contentus vivat? HOR.

Tell me, Mecænas, why none bear content
That lot which choice has given, or chance has sent.

WHILE we are abundantly blessed with remedies for most of the real ills of life, we are but scantily provided with the means of alleviating those fancied miseries of our nature which are much more tormenting, and much more frequent;—the distempers of the body are inconsiderable when compared with the maladies of the mind, yet our physicians are without number; philosophers we have none;—medicine is vended in every street, but of discipline we have lost the very name.

Women, as they are more delicate in person than our sex, are also more delicate of mind, and therefore more particularly the patients to whom I would recommend the principles of the art I profess to inculcate in this essay.

If a lady be afflicted with a fever, or a cold, she is immediately attended by her medical practitioner; but for spleen, or vapours, *ennui*, or envy, by whatever dejection she may display her distress, her sighs are unheeded, and her complaints disregarded. For a pulse enfeebled by dis-

order, prescriptions are instantly at hand; but if it throb with anguish in the presence of a successful rival, of a superior beauty, or a more brilliant wit, there is no prescription, no cure.—Ofttimes, indeed, some humble dependent, or parasitical adulator, administers pretty copious draughts of scandal, calumny, and detraction; but this flattering unction, alas! does but skin and film the ulcerous part, while rank corruption, mining all within, infects unseen; her disquietude is but checked for a time, and presently breaks forth with augmented virulence, when reflection whispers—that

"Scandal will merit as its shade pursue,
"But, like the shadow, marks the substance too."

The arts of slander soon fail, and they find too late, that the remedy is more intolerable than the disease.

Fair victims of a foul fiend, it is not in such fallacious reasoning ye will find your resource in the pangs of a conscious superiority, but in truth. Philosophy will not only extract the thorn from the wound, but render the part invulnerable for ever after.

If ye would but ingenuously confess, and not ungenerously conceal the perfections of a rival, how would it alleviate your sufferings. The medicine is bitter, I allow; but of most salutary effect; for thus shall ye shine in graces not your own, and build on another's admiration your proper esteem, even deriving new charms from her recommendations whose excellencies ye so sweetly acknowledge;—you may then use the brighter lustre of a rival's eyes to display the latent beauties of your own hearts, and the spotless candour of a noble mind.

But there is yet another truth related to this subject, though not obvious to common, or cursory observation, and it is that superiority of endowments do by no means always ameliorate our condition in life, but sometimes cause us more distress, and plunge us into greater misfortunes, than the most lamentable privations can inflict;

high qualifications are beset with dangerous temptation, and the highly qualified are seduced by incidents which overlook and spare inferior beings.

And if to be convinced that we may be happy in this life without those excellencies which are so partially dispensed, and so generally envied, will moderate the arrogance of those who boast them, and lift from despondence those who lament their absence, it is a conviction highly interesting to us all, and every ear should gladly imbibe a doctrine so salutary, which will, on the one hand, protect superior minds from that odious and insolent pride which is the deformity of all beauty, and the vice of every virtue; and, on the other, save inferior souls from that ignoble and unmerited sensation of shame which unworthily debases honest humility, and destroys that tranquil and unambitious repose which is the peculiar privilege of unassuming inferiority.

In this lesson of truth, philosophy will instruct us, and it is hardly an exaggeration of its utility to assert, that contentment, if not happiness, lurks in the belief of this important creed.

The most fertile sources of misery are, without doubt, envy of others, and dissatisfaction with ourselves; and these may be averted by knowing that we have, on all occasions, better reason to congratulate ourselves on our state than we are conscious of, and always less subject for envying those whom we fancy our superiors than we can perceive.

This knowledge more especially concerns the female sex, inasmuch as they are, for the most part, more passionately, and perhaps more laudably emulous of excelling; and therefore more dangerously elevated by success, and more painfully depressed by defeat.—For them, therefore, our labours are more particularly calculated, and to them hey are more especially addressed; and if we be accused of being officious towards them, our excuse must be that they are dear to us.

How often, when we have observed a sigh escape the lips of some fair malcontent, of sweetest temper, and most amiable disposition, graced with those bewitching affabilities, so often more lovely than even the loveliness of beauty, because some rival of her sex could boast of personal charms far excelling those with which nature had blessed her;—or when we have heard some sweet uncultivated daughter of doric life, blooming in the beauty of health and innocence, unsullied by the slightest shade of affectation, lament the denial of accomplishments in which they had seen some female shine, who was the ornament of polished circles, how often have we been tempted to whisper to them that, however brilliantly the objects of their desire might glitter in their sight, they still were far below the price which *they* would pay for the acquisition; for the pride of extraordinary beauty too often neglects the suavity of endearing tenderness, and, in the brightest accomplishments, the sweet simplicity of nature's graces are too frequently lost.

Does the honied bee repine at the beauty of the butterfly, or does the lilly of the valley droop in the presence of the fairest flowers of the garden? The artless sentiments of affection, expressed in the language of nature and the heart, are agreeable to the lover's ear, as the most eloquent effusions of passion in the poesy of a Sappho.

"Nature, a mother kind alike to all," has never given a superiority without its moderating counterpoise; or inflicted a privation, without its equivalent advantage; wit she embitters with the poignancy of satire, and compensates deficiency in vivacity of intellect with amenity of disposition. To be well satisfied of this is to be happier by the addition of a consolatory truth to our fund of information; it is to be so much farther advanced in felicity as we have made progress in wisdom.

The possession of superior qualities naturally generates ambition, and ambition is an enemy to peace;—it stimulates to glory too frequently but to involve us in disgrace;—it

sacrifices friendship, and creates hostility;—it vitiates the virtuous, by the seduction of fame; and it renders good men bad that they may at length become great; are these then the means by which happiness may be won?

History itself is nothing but a general sketch of the great lesson of life, which shews the impotence of power, and the futility of success; while biography fills up the outline with numberless instances of the danger of extraordinary endowments, and the security of ordinary talents; and this should teach us that to be happy, we need not the excellencies of our nature, while without them we may be virtuous; and that therefore we should contemplate them in others without pain to ourselves,—and thus should we cut off those great and primary sources of disquietude and misery, envy of our superiors, contempt of our inferiors, and dissatisfaction with ourselves.

To the fair sex, in particular, experience may furnish this practical proof that *they* never should repine at advantages in others of which they are deficient; for we know that there is frequently a loveliness in women created by the absence of personal charms; they are usually gifted with an inclination to render themselves pleasing, which never fails; and are capable of an affection beyond the comprehension of the more beautiful.—Conscious of deriving from person merely no controul over our hearts, they employ a power which is ever irresistible, the power of a sweet and social temper, promising to prove an inexhaustible source of domestic bliss, conjugal tenderness, and maternal love.

And hence, perhaps, it is that we so frequently see that men who are in all respects so endowed by nature and education as to be entitled to make a selection from among the most attractive of the sex, and especially men of eminence in particular pursuits, neglect all opportunities of such a choice, attaching themselves to some inferior female with neither rank, wealth, beauty, nor accomplishments; and who is perhaps only known by the *eclât* which she

acquires from the singular fortune of her matrimonial lot. And experience of this fact goes further to reconcile the absence of real and ideal recommendations to those who are deficient of them than all the theories of the most profound speculatists, and on it we mainly rely for the support of a doctrine somewhat paradoxical, but most consolatory, (which is much more universally felt than acknowledged, and more generally experienced than believed,) that whatever may be the comparative state of their pretensions to excellence, the equity of nature has provided alike for the happiness of all her daughters, unless they perversely suffer envy of others' resources to prejudice their minds against their own means.

In short, if we would be happy ourselves, the first principle of our conduct should be not to repine at the blessings of others.

ALECTRYON.

MATILDA FORRESTER;

OR,

THE EXEMPLARY DAUGHTER.

(Continued from page 265.)

ALAS! she continued, what has happened to my poor father I know not, but, Laudon, of a sudden he treats his child with unkindness; even my mother's tender assiduous care is lost upon him; he heeds her not, save to repulse her endearments; for three nights has sleep refused to visit his eyes; he seems to regard even me with gloomy horror;—but yesterday he ordered me to leave the room, and when he saw that this command forced tears from my eyes, he kissed them off, and, striking his forehead, exclaimed, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Laudon trembled while he heard this recital; and although he had some dreadful presentiment of something wrong, he attempted

to console her. You know, my love, your father's attentions to his pecuniary concerns; it is but some trifling failure in his mercantile speculations; leave him alone till this disappointment is weakened, and all, said he, will be well again. Eager to receive comfort she so much needed, her heart was somewhat lightened of its burden of care; yet, as they entered the breakfast parlour, she would have spoken to endeavour, in some measure, to avert the expected repulse that the object of her choice might meet with from her father. But Forrester, notwithstanding he had been to her the best of fathers, was a complete man of the world; a long intercourse with it had taught him to cover much under the mask of politeness, or unconcern; he received Laudon, therefore, as usual; but the latter saw, spite of his endeavour to conceal it, from several fits of absence, and pettish interruptions of ill humour, that some tempest was gathering over his head. The meal was concluded in silence; the carriage arrived at the usual time to convey him to town; and when he was seated in it, when he bade them adieu, in a voice between fear and anger, the lovers felt as if the demon who would thwart their happiness had left the abode.

Matilda hastened to finish her domestic cares, leaving a new production of literature with Laudon, to beguile the time of her absence; but the conduct of Forrester gave him sufficient cause for reflection, and the time passed without any other aid.

When I said that Matilda Forrester had gained from her *parents* an estimable good in her religious attainments, I ought to have said from her *parent*; her father indeed withheld no pecuniary recompence for the ornamental parts of her education, and he had too much good sense to thwart her mother in the instillment of those duties which he knew must make her a more obedient daughter;—but Mrs. Forrester's ideas had never been narrowed by an intercourse with a bad world; she had not, like her husband, witnessed man preying on his fel-

low man, rejoicing at every species of overreaching and aggrandizement, at the expence of every virtue, every feeling of compassion toward the object so injured.

Inkle Forrester, Esq. had been taken by his father from college, and from the company of what is termed generous young men, and placed in his own house as partner; he had therefore to repress those feelings of generosity which youth commonly possess, and to meet with men with whom, and through whom, he was to gain independence; he found himself obliged to oppose them on their own ground; a spirit of self love made him feel bitterly when he had been overreached by them; this was encouraged by his father, who had been heard to exclaim on the Royal Exchange, I shall make Inkle a clever fellow; time, habit, and success, soon reconciled him to a counting house; speculation upon speculation engendered in his brain;—he married the daughter of the sheriff with a good fortune; frequent losses, however, occurred; these, however, gave him a stronger appetite to reclaim them, and while these pecuniary risks were pending, his mind was racked with fear and suspense; yet he was not a mere unlettered citizen; this character is now exploded; our emporium of London can now rival in extravagance their much censured St. James's. He had early in life travelled in France; here he acquired ease of deportment; his bow was elegant; in Italy he dabbled in *vertù*, and though even this he did with the idea of gain, yet in his happy moments he would relate, with seeming pleasure, the title he had gained on the continent of *le beau marchand Anglois.* A man, would he say, who cannot govern his passions, is a fool; and he associated with the term fool a much more detestable idea than that of a knave.

Laudon had often seen Forrester under untoward circumstances; had heard him relate them with seeming unconcern, yet he had ever beheld his face the unclouded mirror of a mind at ease; how then was he surprised, on seeing what he had seen, and hearing what he had just

heard;—the light, however, that was to guide him to happiness entered the room, and broke off his cogitations; the work-basket was placed on the table, the pug dog reclined at his mistress's feet, the canary and the goldfinch were mute, and family chitchat commenced, ere Laudon proceeded in Hume's reign of Richard III. The sun now blazed with amazing heat, the cattle fled from the adjoining paddock to the margin of the river, and brushed with their tails the tormenting gad-fly which buzzed around them, the bee sipt nectar from the odorous capsule, the dragon-fly, with gay and lively hum, borrowed his prismatic colours from the sun, which gilt the trees with its richest brilliance; the dinner-bell rang, the hour of four died away in the breeze, Laudon was still there; he descended the stair from the room destined for his reception, and in the dining room he was welcomed by Mrs. Forrester; every tear had fled from her cheek; the meal concluded,—the wine and desert became an additional stimulus to conversation, and in the enquiries and assistance after the welfare of their poor dependants or rich acquaintances, this repast truly became "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul;" while he who had toiled to purchase them all these enjoyments, was sitting over his solitary pint of wine in a hot London coffee-house, a martyr to every sensation that ambition can engender. The sun was quitting the horizon, when the lovers prepared as usual for the evening walk; the charms of nature seemed doubly exhilarating by absence; they had not been visited by Matilda since the departure of Laudon; they had arrived at the house of the old woman on the hill; they had administered to her wants, and returned with that peace of mind which the knowledge of acting correctly never fails to bestow, as if nature smiled propitiously on their labours; she had dressed the landscape in her gaudiest colours. The sun was setting in blazing lustre, and their long shadows ever and anon shortened by the rising hillocks into grotesque figures informed them night was fast approaching;

the horizon of burnished gold was here and there streaked with purple lake, or the pale amethyst: now the orb of day, hid behind a distant hill, was only known by his rays; now they climbed an eminence, and again the whole of his glories burst upon their enraptured sight, till again the atmosphere sunk into shades of darkest hue, and night prepared to throw her mantle and obscurity around.

Adieu! blest luminary, said Laudon, thou art fled, thou art gone to lighten other worlds; but though thy glories are set to our view, again thou shall arise to it with renovated vigour. Matilda was entranced in the pleasure she felt in this view of nature; Laudon pressed her hand to his lips; he ejaculated a wish that the Almighty would ever watch over her, and if ever piety filled two grateful hearts, it was now, while Laudon hoped he might be deemed worthy to possess such excellence. What a delightful repose this moment pervaded their breasts; each had checked in each other the doubt that would arise, and every idea of unhappiness vanished;

" For sweet is the solace that lurks in the tear
" Which flows from the eye that we love;
" And what is the suffering, what is the care,
" That sympathy cannot remove?"

They returned home in silence; for their hearts were too full of gratitude to speak. Gracious and merciful Heaven, why is our happiness of so short a duration? and why is it the precursor of misery?

(To be continued.)

Soon after the death of Moliere, a poet brought an Epitaph on him to the great Prince of Condé; he read it, and told him he should have been much better pleased had Moliere brought him *his* epitaph.

MUSICAL MEMORANDA.

(Continued from page 269.)

BANTI BRIGIDA GEORGI; an opera singer of the first class; in 1777, she was engaged by the proprietors of the Pantheon to supply the place of the Agujari; a measure adopted merely on speculation, upon hearing from Paris of the effects of her fine voice in that capital; she was the daughter of a *gondoliere* at Venice, and for some time a piazza performer in that city; after this exercise of her natural vocal powers, she sung her way to Lyons; where she performed in Coffee-houses for such small donations as are usually bestowed on itinerant talents at such places; hence, by the power of song, she was conveyed to Paris; where her voice was so much admired, that after very little teaching by some of her countrymen, whom she met with there, she was permitted to sing at the concert spiritual. Here the applause was so loud, that it soon reached England, and inclined the proprietors at the Pantheon to engage her for three seasons at 800*l.* a year, upon condition that 100*l.* should be deducted each season out of her salary for the payment of an able master to cultivate her voice. Sacchini was the first appointed to this office, but soon found her so idle, and so obstinate, that he quitted her as an incurable patient; she was next assigned to Signior Piozzi; whose patience was likewise exhausted before she became a perfect singer. In 1779, she returned to Italy as ignorant of music as when she left that country; but from the accuracy of her ear, and power of imitation, she soon improved more by example

than precept or study; and in 1783, we find in musical records that she was engaged in Florence as first woman to sing with Marchesi, then at the zenith of his power and favor. The next year she sung at Turin; then at Milan; and in 1786, she went to Vienna; thence to Warsaw in 1787, and in 1788, first performed at Naples, where the Theatre is the largest in Europe, and reckoned the post of honour among singers. And here her favour was so great, that after singing at Milan with Crescentini, and at Venice with Pacchierotti, she was recalled to Naples three several times before the year 1793; when she went to Spain, and at Madrid, she seems still to have increased in fame and favour. His Catholic Majesty finding she had a large family of children, which was increased during her residence in Spain, took two off her hands, and promised to have them educated, and to provide for them. It is hardly credible, with a person and voice so entire and well preserved, but she used to declare, that she had had children and miscarriages to the amount of eighteen. In 1794, on quitting Spain, she returned to England, where she preserved her voice, increased its powers, and her favour with the public every season, till 1802, when she again returned to her own country; and in November performed at Bologna, in *Antigona*, an Opera composed by Bianchi. From Bologna, she was invited to Naples for the fourth time; and from Naples was invited to sing at Milan, during the carnival of 1803. We cannot take our leave of this admirable performer without declaring that we never heard a voice of more grateful tone, or more constantly in tune or in execution (as far as she attempted *bravura*), more neat, brilliant, and articulate. The low notes of her voice were mellifluous, rich, and full, to an uncommon degree; and in pathetic airs the tones through her whole compass were truly touching. Her knowledge of Music was inconsiderable, and this she always confessed, that she could not sing at sight; but who is ever in public required to

sing airs at sight? and whether she was an hour, or a week, in studying a part, it was the same thing to the audience, as she was always perfect on the stage; so that the inconvenience was all her own. It has been said that she wanted variety in her embellishments; but few female singers are sufficiently skilled in the laws of counterpoint to invent graces themselves that shall not break the time, or injure the harmony, and we believe that composers must rejoice in such ignorance as modestly delivers their melodies unsophisticated, undisguised, and unchanged by what are vulgarly termed graces; but which persons of true taste and judgment with more propriety denominate ignorance and impertinence. We long wished the Banti's shake a little more open, but even that wish was gratified before her departure. And now, quitting the singer, we shall pay our respects to her as an actress, in which faculty she surpassed in grace, dignity, and propriety, all the stage singers whom we remember ever to have seen; and whoever recollects her performance in the Opera of Semiramide will not dispute her transcendant merit in that particular, ever attentive to the persons who addressed her in each scene; whether good or bad singers, friends or foes to herself, she never seemed to think them less worthy of her notice than the ladies of her acquaintance in the Pit, or the Boxes. Her person and figure were good; and her countenance, though not handsome, was expressive, and her features strong and flexible. Upon the whole, we know not whether she gratified us most as a singer or an actress.

At the acting of a comedy called Bellamira in 1687, the roof of the theatre fell down; few were hurt, except the author himself (Sir Charles Sedley), which occasioned Sir Fleetwood Shepherd to say, "There was so much fire in his play that it blew up the poet, house and all."—"No," replied the author, the play was so heavy, it broke down the house, and buried the poet in his own rubbish."

REFLECTIONS.

We are ever looking with anxiety for the approach of that distant period of time when all our joys shall be realized; when expectation shall see her every hope fulfilled, and proud possession rifle every charm an age of years had promised. Yet to what purpose do we anticipate happiness in the perspective? Is it because, that when time shall give us full possession of the heavenly virtue, we shall enjoy her presence thereby with greater avidity, and pursue means to prolong her stay? No! man is a changeful being, inclined to neglect the substance to engage in a fruitless chace after the shadow; he is ever in pursuit of the pleasures of the future; yet never enjoying the present; prone to lift the cup of joy to his lips, he scarcely tastes the sweet, ere he throws it as a noxious draught away! the mere recollection of these things ought to support the being capable of reflection under every suffering; by reminding him he is of the *earth earthy*, a sojourner through this chequered scene of alternate joy and woe to that better country where every virtue resides;—by giving him the fullest confidence in the hopes of an heavenly inheritance, an inheritance his expectations will not find perishable; for this is of *heaven heavenly*.

Oct. 1812. REUBEN.

The LADIES of PATMOS.

An author pleasantly observes, that ever since a certain merchant of Marseilles married one of the women of this Island for her beauty, they fancy there is not a stranger comes hither but to make the like purchase; they looked upon us, says he, as very odd fellows, and seemed to be mightily surprised when they were told we only came to search for plants; for they imagined on our arrival we should carry into France a dozen wives at least.

OLIO.

NO. VII.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

It is well known in the learned world, the slowness and superstitious accuracy with which Boileau wrote his compositions: a French poetaster waited on him to show him one thousand verses which he boasted he had written in one day; Boileau read some of them; returned them to the author, and told him, "he wondered he had been so long about them."

A stranger, passing through the town of Berwick, wished to see the church; it was accordingly shewn him by the sexton, to whom he intended giving a shilling for his trouble, but had no smaller change than half a crown; he put it into his hand, and desired that he would return him eighteen pence. "God forbid, Sir," replied the pious and primitive Jenkin (putting the half crown into his pocket), "don't you remember our Saviour whipped the money changers out of the temple."

Is it possible, said one spectator at a theatre to another, whom he saw hissing and clapping, that you can approve and disapprove at the same time. No, said he, that is not the case; I know this play is the most execrable thing that ever was performed; but I came in with an *order*, and have a great regard for the author, and so that I may neither wrong him nor my own judgment, I have *abused the piece* out of justice to *myself*, till I am hoarse, and *clapped* it to oblige *him* till my hands are sore.

Among the old plays or mimes is one called Candlemas day, or the Killing of the Children of Israel, 1512: in this play, the Hebrew soldiers swear by Mahomet, who was not born till six hundred years after; Herod's Messenger is named Watkin, and the Knights are directed to walk about the stage, while Mary and the Infant are conveyed into Egypt.

A Scotch gentleman, who introduced the celebrated Buchannan as tutor to James the first, meeting him some time after, thus accosted him, why I think you have made a perfect pedant of your prince. "E'en the Lud be praised," replied the tutor, "that au cud mack auny thing o'him."

In the Tragedy called Amurath I. 1632, the hero is made, on the appearance of a comet, to address the stars thus—

"Why do you put on perriwigs of fire?"

As a parallel to this specimen of the bathos, take these lines of Rowe's Royal Convert.

Seofrid. Does it not follow plain. Shall not the king
Turn all his rage upon this hoary head?
Shall not all arts of cruelty be tried
To find out tortures equal to my falshood?
Imagine you behold me bound and scourg'd;
My aged muscles harrow'd up with whips;
Or hear me groaning on the rending rack,
Groaning and screaming, with the sharpest sense
Of *piercing pain*; *or see* me gash'd with knives,
And scarr'd with burning steel, till the scorch'd marrow
Fries in my bones, and shrinking sinews start;
A smeary foam works o'er my grinding jaws,
And utmost anguish shakes my lab'ring frame;
For thus it must be—

THE GOSSIPER,

NO. XVIII.

"Oh, blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to day,
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
And if she rules him never shews she rules."

POPE.

TO THE GOSSIPER.

SIR,

A scribbler of small notority, and still less talent, has little excuse for wielding the pen, except to indulge a propensity of inculcating good order, and a wish to further the causes of religion and morality: this then shall be my apology for my *cacoethes scribendi*; with specimens of which I have several times troubled you; and which (taking the will, I suppose, for the deed) you have obligingly published; in one of the papers alluded to, I certainly took up the subject of female education* as it impressed my mind; that is to say, I wished to see them so set out in the world as to be independant of our sex, provided that independance were necessary to avoid the sacrifice either of their inclinations, or their integrity; I will now consider them as having attained the summit of Female Wishes; that is to say, married to the man of their choice; and endeavour to show them that as happiness may be *supreme* in the married state, so on the other hand nothing can be more wretched than the idea of being chained by an indissoluble link to those with whom we cannot harmonise:—the principal objects sought on the part of the lady are, in general, protection and provision; the husband's best talents are, or ought to be, employed for the benefit of his wife and family; and that most probably away from them a large portion of the day,

* See Lady's Museum for July 1812.

fatigue, the disappointments in trade, or profession, make him think of home as his sanctuary, as his retreat to peace and comfort; and surely whilst he is studying and toiling for her happiness, reciprocity, the very main spring of all the advantages arising from society, ought to stimulate the idea of repaying him by anticipating his wishes; making his fireside ready to receive him, and meeting him with eyes of pleasure, with arms of gratitude:—if he has been unsuccessful, let her banish his sorrows from his bosom by the solace that "it is not in mortals to command success;" if his spirits are elated with good fortune abroad, let her show him by her pleasantry he can enjoy it no where so well as at home; let her join with him in thanks to that Power who directs good and evil, and by indulging even caprices, shew him she is above the selfish consideration of preferring her own pursuits to his.

I have heard it said that contradiction is the life of conversation; amongst men it is so; over the frugal bottle, and at the forum, truth is sought, and sometimes discovered by argument; but in such cases the controversy must be urged without passion, must be heard with deference and complacency; how often matrimonial colloquy is thus conducted, I leave to those to determine who have either been the actual parties on such occasions, or what is perhaps a still greater luxury, the uninterested third person referred to alternately by each; but whose arbitration would have been revolted at by both; perhaps here it will be observed that I am only advising forbearance to the wife, and that the husband ought to meet at least half way on this occasion; granted, the duty is mutual; but suppose, for argument's sake, it is the misfortune of an amiable wife to meet with a churlish disposition, here is an inevitable evil, in such case, how is it to be remedied? by resistance? surely no;—in great states, as in connubial concerns, it hath ever been held that a lenient sway is better than a rod of iron, and whence is that leniency most attributable?

surely from that side by which the cardinal virtues are ever characterised.

I remember once being in company with a droll, though tolerably shrewd fellow of a farmer, "whose way of life was fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;" he had jogged on with his helpmate many a year, and declared he had always avoided controversy by a plain and simple rule which they had agreed upon when they went to the altar, and had most religiously observed ever since; it was no more than this;—"if I speak first, my wife must hold her tongue;—if she gets the first word—I am mute:"—tell me, ye learned, ye whose constant employ is contention for superiority, ye who scorn ever to have your own way, but by assertion of your rights, tell me I say, how many hours have been wasted in warfare, which (old Ploughshare's regulation well observed) might have been tuned to harmony; besides, resistance can be of no use where the comparative imbecility is obvious: the delicacy of the female form forbids exertion, and a pretty mouth is the most deformed of all objects when a musical voice is strained to discord;—let stratagem then be the substitute for open resistance, and smiles take place of tears and anger; if he has a particle of good in his composition he will see his error, and love the mild regimen which reclaims him; and as I trust, for the honour of my own sex, there are more of a generous disposition (though possibly abused by bad habits) than of that inflexible and brutal cast which can resist a woman's kindness, so at any rate the lady has the odds in her favour; and should she be unsuccessful, she will have no cause to reflect upon herself for having endeavoured by the tenderest means to conciliate him whom she hath solemnly sworn on God's altar to "honour and obey."

ABRAHAM STOCK.

"Swift attributes the most of the unhappy marriages to young ladies making *nets*, and not *cages*!"

Notes to Letter on Education, page 40, line 2, vol XIII.

Mr. Gossiper,

I fear, that while you are amused with tracing the Buck of Fashion through the various spheres of pleasure and dissipation, or listening to the complaints of some pretty damsel, enveighing against the restrictions of parental authority, or dreading to be coupled with a man of money and *experience*, rather than with a young blood of spirit and gaiety, of her own chusing; you will find but little amusement in the humble epistle of one who has witnessed the return of seventy revolving years; but although not with unabated ardour, yet I still retain the recollection when parading to church in silk stockings, satin breeches, and embroidered waistcoat, with a neat cocked hat, just rested on my highly frizzled and powdered peruke; and when with sparkling shoe-buckles and gold headed cane, I would not have resigned the palm of foppery and conceit to any Tippy Bob of my own or the present day. But, Mr. Gossiper, I have witnessed the change of fashions as often as the change of seasons, and now sit in my old elbow-chair, content with viewing "manners as they rise," that I may now truly be said, to be merely a spectator of the busy scenes on the grand theatre of life. No doubt, were I to be reviewed by some of your bucks of the *ton*, "the old codger," or, "the old boy" (epithets which I am now far removed from), would create a lasting fund of merriment; for you must know I am still a figure of the old school; but although time has wrinkled my brow, and the infirmities of age may have likewise produced a little of its moroseness, yet I can still smile with the youthful, talk with the grave, and condole with the infirm; and believe me I am never more happy than when surrounded by my children's children; I can laugh at their amusements, or contribute to their delights. Your men of revelry and dissipation will, no doubt, turn with a pitiable look from the situation of an old man, just tottering on the brink of eternity, with no earthly prospect before him; but I have now nearly made my journey through life in all its seasons

and stages, and yet I find them all replete with comforts and enjoyments. Youth, just launching on the ocean of life, views o'er the wide expanse before him the dawning prospects of a cloudless day, each object strikes a novelty, and each hour produces increased delight to his heated imagination; man, arriving at its gayest meridian, in its noblest pride, views still before him an uninterrupted career of transporting bliss, sweetened by the recollection of past enjoyments; but for my part I do not find old age, though so much dreaded, that unsociable or miserable companion the world represents it to be. Although lost to life's more active allurements, I can review my past life with pleasure and satisfaction; I behold my children flourishing round my declining years; I experience that affection and attention from them that spread a tranquil calm over the evening of my life; and when it shall please an Almighty Power to call me hence, I shall obey the summons with joy and cheerfulness; in the mean time, should these feeble attempts prove worthy of your gossipers, you may by chance, if life is spared, again hear from

Your very humble servant,

Chimney Corner. TIMOTHY HEARTWELL.

Mr. GOSSIPER,

As you profess to be a corrector of abuses, as far as your power enables you, suffer me to hope that the complaints I am about to vent may, through the medium of your extensive publication, meet with the attention they deserve. Is it not enough, Sir, that six days out of the week we are annoyed, through the medium of our newspapers, with, perhaps, the multiplied depravities of our fellow-creatures,—but that the seventh day also, a day in which every violent feeling, every harrowing sensation, should be hushed into repose; must this day also be intruded upon by the cool recital of the murderer, of the wretch

whose crime, told with circumstantial detail, horrifies the senses of our children for nights and days to come? Gracious and merciful God! Is it not enough that thousands fall by the hand of their fellow man to glut individual ambition? Will not the recital of a pillaged Moscow content these hirelings of the quill, but the crime of the parricide and the infanticide must be continually doled out to us? The murders at Ratcliff Highway, dreadful as they were, were made trebly so, by the reiterated details of the Sunday papers;—if the editors of these journals must live, let them be content to regale their subscribers on the sabbath with theatrical intelligence, amours and intrigues of the great; or bloody battles, which policy or hatred can better excuse; but let them leave details of fellow immolation, let the dreadful crimes of such wretches as appeared in the Sunday papers of October the 25th, be confined to the news of the day; and let no repetition of horrors interfere with that day in which all should be harmony and peace. Should you, Sir, be able in the least to check this crying evil, you will confer a particular favour—on those who, like myself, have the honour to be,

Sincerely yours,

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY.

MR. GOSSIPER,

As this appears to be the time to urge a reformation of improper behaviour at places of theatrical amusement, allow me, through the medium of your useful publication, to suggest the following rules to your fair readers, that they may not be blinded by their partiality to their brothers, husbands, or lovers, who may tell them that to be knowing or stylish, is to forget the rank they hold in society.

Any person sitting in a box before a lady, except he belong to a party of the fair-sex,

Not to be considered a Gentleman.

Any person wearing his hat at any time,

Not to be considered a Gentleman.

Any person talking very loud, more particularly during representation,

Not to be considered a Gentleman.

Any person continuing to hiss a performer after such performer has been *obliged* to reappear by an *encore*,

Not to be considered a Gentleman.

Any person singing at the same time with a player,

Not to be considered a Gentleman.

Any person alone, who keeps his seat when he may accommodate a Lady, unless she be such an one as may annoy the sober part of the house,

Not to be considered a Gentleman.

Any person, who, by entering and leaving a box often, with noise, being inebriated, or bringing in improper company, is to be got rid of as a common nuisance, and considered for ever to lose all title to a Gentleman.

Your insertion of these rules will oblige a new Subscriber, and

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

THE MORALIST, No I.

ON SUICIDE.

"Self murder, name it not; our island's shame."

WHETHER or not this remark of the poet be applicable, in its fullest extent, to the inhabitants of Britain, many are inclined to dispute; but it is a melancholy consideration, that instances of self murder are so frequent as to warrant us in saying, that the observation has truth for its foundation. It is natural to the human mind to aspire after wealth and honours; in prosecuting with vigour the measures by which these are attained, we only act up to the high destiny of our immortal natures; but although our success should not prove commensurate to the eager wishes we have accustomed ourselves to entertain, it does not follow as a necessary consequence that we should foolishly, nay impiously, arraign the justice of providence; and continue to brood so long over our melancholy fortunes as at last to raise an impious hand for the destruction of our lives! When a man hath so far lost that firmness and energy of mind necessary to support him under the most common accidents of life, he is utterly incapable of discharging the most common duties required by his connexion with society. Misfortunes are absolutely necessary in this present scene of moral probation; but when a man bends under their first pressure, he thus proves himself unworthy of the rank he holds in the great family of mankind.

In sudden changes of fortune, the good man will behave with Christian resignation, and use every endeavour to amend his fallen fortunes; if his efforts do not ultimately prove successful, he has at least the pleasing reflection to console him that he has done his utmost; but the self murderer pursues no such wise plan; his intellect is disordered by the first blast of adversity; and

rather than endeavour bravely to oppose it, he comes to the fatal resolution of leaving the world by his own hands. Awful thought! the very consideration is enough to appal the stoutest heart, to rush into the presence of the judge reeking with our own blood; to stand in his presence, self condemned; to expect no mercy from his just decision; God of love, prevent us from ever becoming the victims of despair;—in the depths of misery, may we raise our eyes to the universal father: although the blackest horrors should beset our minds, let the prayer of resignation issue from our lips, and teach us to bend to thy will.—But let us question the man whose mind is now maintaining that internal struggle which threatens to terminate in his own murder. Unthinking man, dost thou reflect on what thou art thus rashly attempting? Art thou fully prepared to appear before the just tribunal of God? Hast thou discharged all the duties required of a good father, a good husband, and a good member of society? Alas! unhappy man, when the names of others are mentioned with respect, thine will be buried in oblivion; or if perchance it is casually repeated, it will only be to furnish an opportunity of expatiating upon the enormity of that crime which bereaved thee of life."

The frequency of suicide really excites in every feeling bosom the most painful thoughts.—The eloquence too which has been employed in defence of it by some modern philosophers has deprived it, in some measure, of half its guilt. It is considered as an instance of uncommon intrepidity, and undaunted firmness, so far to deafen the inherent calls of reason, urging to the preservation of life, as to become our own executioner; the man who labours to repair his fallen fortunes by redoubled industry, is considered guilty of degrading pusillanimity; he who endeavours to recover the loss of a good name by assiduous application is thought too mean spirited to live. Such fallacious reasoning as this soon proves a soporific to the small remains of common sense, which

survives the first internal combat; a man is thus brought to consider himself a hero, by acting in this way; and he loads the pistol, or prepares the halter, which are to prove his death, with the same indifference as he would trim a pipe of tobacco. This is a melancholy view of the state of mind which a dangerous philosophy induces; it is the more to be dreaded on this account, that it calls in to its aid all the bad feelings of human nature; proceeding on an erroneous supposition, it convinces a man, that he will acquire to himself immortal renown among those of mankind, who have sense enough to divest themselves of the trammels of an erroneous education; but let it be known to such men as are tinged by this sceptical philosophy that the partiality of friends will not sanction their daring deed;—even the very malefactor who has forfeited his life to the laws of his country will reprobate their conduct;—indeed who is there, in whose bosom a spark of genuine Christian feeling remains, who will not brand their names with infamy? Were marks of infamy more uniformly impressed upon the name of every self murderer, there is some reason to hope that instances of its occurrence would become less frequent. But there is in every bosom a delicious sympathetic affection, which interests us in the fate of the vilest of mortals.

There are, perhaps, very few men who would refuse their compassion when they see the most cruel murderer brought to the scaffold. At such a moment, we never think of the crime, but of the punishment. The same thing holds in the case of the self murderer; instead of being regarded as a heinous transgressor of the laws of God, and as an infectious example to the rising generation, he is too frequently viewed as a poor ruined man, whom a disordered intellect and a too feeling heart have hurried on to the rash deed!

I wish not to banish the feeling of compassion in such a case entirely from the breast of man, but I say, in this instance at least, it is very much misplaced. What pray

are the grounds on which the intended self murderer pretends to vindicate his conduct? He has so many reasons to urge in support of his fatal resolution that it will be but just to listen to them: he begins with a general statement of his want of success in life; and says boldly that he cannot perceive the reason why other men, not possessed of more, or perhaps equal abilities with himself, should be the favorites of fortune, while he is exposed to inconveniences and hardships on every hand; under such circumstances, he asks, is it possible that he can prevent himself from murmuring and expressing his dissatisfaction? he tells you that in addition to this, his fortune, which was once most flourishing, has taken an unfavorable turn, and from being one of the most respectable of men, he is reduced to such a low ebb, that he cannot appear among his former associates without feeling the most tormenting chagrin. His bosom friend, he adds, in whom he reposed so much confidence, has forsaken him; at a time too when his aid and friendly advice would have been a healing medicine to his soul: to all this, perhaps, he adds, that he suffered losses in his domestic circle, which render his home, once most delightful, now a most disagreeable retreat; an accumulation of such signal instances of misfortune, nay even a small part of them, is sufficient to unhinge the mind which is either naturally weak, or devoid of those internal supports which religion is well calculated to supply; but all this is not sufficient to justify the awful crime of suicide.

In the first place, man has no right to deprive himself of life; even were the act attended with no criminality. Life is one of the greatest blessings which God has bestowed upon man; and the very enjoyment of it ought to furnish matter of everlasting gratitude to the beneficent donor. To expect that the journey of life shall be free from accidents and untoward circumstances, would be to form an idea of it both at variance with experience, and the

preconcerted plans of the all-wise Creator;—it is intended for a life of probation; and those miseries and cruel accidents which men sometimes consider as insupportably grievous, are the very means by which this moral discipline is accomplished; in repining, therefore, under accidents inseparably connected with our station on earth, a man both acts a cowardly part, and is guilty of transgressing the commandments of God. A good man never appears more enviably great than when rising superior to the accidents of life, he directs his eye to Heaven, in earnest hopes of obtaining that assistance which will ultimately render victory certain.—When the hour of death arrives, he awaits the change into which it introduces him, with placid serenity, conscious that the God of Love, in whose service he has spent his life, will condescend to pardon the offences incident to his erring nature.

But the self-murderer deserts his post like a coward; he betrays the trust reposed in him;—he breaks his oath of allegiance, by his rash conduct injures the dearest interests of society, and ruins his own immortal soul. If it be lawful to draw aside the veil that conceals futurity from our view, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that we might see the terrors of mind which fill the breast of the self-murderer, when appearing in the presence of his Judge, fresh from the awful deed, he shall feel the full guilt of his offence;—Justice will then be awarded to him with an equitable hand.—Better would it be for him in that hour, that he had on earth been suffering the most exquisite torments, than to entail upon himself for ever, by the rash act of suicide, miseries which shall never have an end. It is brave to bear up against the stroke of adversity; it is the duty of a Christian rather to court than fly the combat, from which our virtue rises purer and more sublimed.

T. D——A.

From Tristram Tattle, in London, to his Cousin Dolly, in the Country.

LETTER V.

November 22d. 1812.

From the extreme kindness, my dear Dolly, of a Gentleman connected with the new Theatre in Drury-lane, I am enabled to give you some information of the interior of that astonishing place;—as he was kind enough to induct me into every hole and corner worth observation, I ought to be able to lay before you a more correct idea of its arrangement than the whole tribe of journalists, who have only retailed hear-say evidence; or, at least, have not been admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum* of theatrical intricacy; but to you, dear Coz, who are so unacquainted with the mechanical parts of a theatre, all the powers of the brain, or the pen of an Archimedes, would fail in endeavouring to give comprehension; I must try, then, my usual vein of narration, the familiar; if that fail, why the postage of this letter will be for ever lost.—So jealous are the Committee of Drury-lane of admitting strangers, that, although my friend is one of the props of the edifice, I caused him much trouble. Supposing that an extra person in so large a theatre could be no intrusion, I called in my way on a little favourite of mine, which you have heard me designate by the title of the nut brown maid; she is, as Burns says of his pet lamb, but "a wee thing;" but even she was obliged to have another admission procured for her, and out we sallied; but, alas! human hopes are vain;—it was a foggy day;—we wandered indeed through the mazy passages, while the lanthorn light made darkness more visible;

we beheld the carpenters at work repairing the boxes by candle-light, which reflecting on the red lined partitions, gave you the wish to penetrate further, to no purpose, when our obliging guide offered to defer his services till the following morning.—I arose, then, in the middle of the night, to be in time for a nine o'clock appointment; we passed the stage, and, accompanied by my guide and the lady, ascended the stairs;—we entered the Regent's anti-room, lined with crimson damask paper;—we beheld the handsome chimney-glass, the sofas with silken tassels, the *or-molu* candlesticks, and, lastly, a candelabra with a small branch, lamps of twelve wicks, lighted in the same manner as those on the stage; attached to this elegant boudoir is another smaller room; we then descended into the box by three steps, covered with a handsome Brussels carpet; on the back seat is a repose; the rest of the box is occupied with mahogany chairs of the most elegant shapes, with seats of stuffed morocco;—to prevent the glare of the lamps is a sliding screen of azure blue, set in handsome brass-work;—all this elegance is not confined to the Regent of England; Mr. Coutts, the banker, has a box, which, saving a second room, is equally commodious, equally elegantly furnished,—as is also that of the Duke of Bedford;—the venerable Mrs. Garrick has a box next the Duke's, to which is attached a retiring room; curtains of crimson are also at each avenue, to prevent her feeling the current of air in proceeding to her box; these are also attached to every private box in the theatre. We next proceed to the mechanical part of the building over the stage;—here description is feeble; such a combination of ropes, such levers, such racks, cranks and pulleys! it would seem as if a world was suspended by cords!—Yet all is here methodical, each man to his rope; method has subdued the apparent chaos; and those who are so ready to hiss at the failure of a single scene, would feel somewhat more indulgence for the machinist did they view the complexity of this department;—here beam

crosses beam; here the water-pipe of iron is conveyed to different parts of the house, which, at the raising of a master lever, would let loose a torrent of water, fed from an immense tank at the top of the edifice.—Again, with careful steps, we ascend yet higher and higher, while the eye beholds an immense depth below;—here we arrive at the scene painting department, and behold, in the course of half an hour, cataracts formed, bridges built, and chasms, created by the pencil's fairy touch.—With cautious steps we descend, and at length arrive at the dressing-rooms, each of which holds six persons,—but they are so contrived, that by mixing tragic, comic, and farcical performers, seldom more than three persons are dressing at one time; each room is fitted round with six wardrobes and locks, holding every thing requisite;—handsome swing glasses are attached to each dressing case, and one assistant *dresser* to each room.

The two Green-rooms are fitted up in a style of the most elegant simplicity:—There is one for those gentlemen who have obtained the first rate characters of theatrical notoriety,—the other for the subalterns of the scenic art;—the walls of the former are of fawn-colour, with a broad margin of celestial blue, with gold mouldings; a superb lamp ornaments the centre; an immense pier-glass, from the ground to the ceiling, is affixed to the termination of the room; stuffed seats of maroon cloth are fixed round the room, and a carpet *en suite* with the Regent's box covers the floor;—the chimney-glass, clock, and curtains, are all alike tasteful and elegant; and in a pier of the window it is in contemplation to affix a fine bust of Shakspeare; in this room gentlemen not performing are only admitted in *dress*;—the Green-room for those performers whose salaries do not reach a certain sum, is of corresponding neatness.—From these we proceeded to the wardrobe; here were twenty persons seated at a table, spangling, or otherwise ornamenting and embroidering dresses; and here troops may be furnished, and peasants accoutred at a

moment's notice; in presses without number hang every necessary of theatrical costume.—Again we crossed the stage; above we had treated ourselves with a clap or two of thunder; we now darted through a cave, and descended nearly as low beneath as we had been high above; here again was intricate machinery; from hence the spectres arise, and here the dæmons descend;—the bell which Lady Macbeth strikes upon, or which tolls for a Barnwell or Mackheath, is about the size of that in your village church,—our kind conductor struck it, and caused my little friend to startle, although prudently cautioned not to be alarmed.—From this we again saw the light; and we arrived at the front;—what a superb saloon or lobby! it is longer than the aisle of your church; it would make the most elegant promenade in this country,—but occupied only by the most worthless of both sexes, it is lost to the correct world, and a place applicable to the most elegant of the sex, is dedicated to debauchery and worthlessness;—already are many parts injured, and no doubt soon the rude assaults of the fool and wanton will deface those lamps and statues which would be worthy the temple of purity. Surely the venders of spruce and soda may publish the articles they vend in a more elegant manner; but what can we expect in the department of a temple where sensuality is the governess, and indecorum the purveyor?

From the front boxes, by day-light, we were present at a rehearsal;—it is a curious sight to see people like ourselves, in every-day clothes and habits, strutting about, supplicating, or throwing themselves into attitudes of despair, while one gentleman is interrupted in a fine metaphor by—"Sir, that's my speech," or—"Stop, Sir, I have not done yet!" Adieu, dear Dolly,

I am ever yours,

TRISTRAM TATTLE.

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

REJECTED ADDRESSES; or, The New Theatrum Poetarum. Printed for *John Miller*, 25, *Bow-Street*, *Covent-Garden*. Price 4s. 6d.

As it is not often that we have an opportunity of laying before our Readers a humourous work, whose pages are sufficiently delicate for their perusal, we shall lose no time in offering a book to their notice, which, we trust, will afford them some amusement.

Rejected Addresses, as the Author (Mr. Smith, to whom the public is indebted for The Manager's Last Kick, &c.) calls them, are not, as it may be presumed, those effusions that were called forth by the Drury-Lane Committee, but some of the author's own invention; in which he has taken the opportunity of parodying the poets of the present day;—Southey, Coleridge, Monk Lewis, and Walter Scott, are among the happiest of his imitations; we had forgotten Wordsworth; the Parody on this last Gentleman excited our risible muscles. We have not for some time met with a book in which real wit and rich points of burlesque strive for mastery. The following extract needs no explanation:—

"And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing Cross along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
The cane he had his men to bang,
Show'd foreman of the British gang.

His name was Higginbottom; now
It is meet that I should tell you how
The others came in view:
The Sun, the London, and the Rock,
The Pelican, which nought can shock,
Th' Exchange, where old insurers flock,
The Eagle, where the new;
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jole,
Crump from St. Giles's Pound:
Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
Before the plug was found.
Scroggins and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon Keep
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound!

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo "heads below!"
Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back Robins, back! Crump stand aloof!
Whitford keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volum'd smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from th' astonish'd crowd.

At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
When lo! amid the wreck uprear'd
Gradual a moving head appear'd,
And Eagle firemen knew,
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name rever'd,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
"A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"
And pour'd the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He totter'd, sunk, and died!

Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they lov'd so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire,)
His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Serv'd but to share his grave!
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Thro' fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight o'erwhelm'd him quite,
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
"Whitford and Mitford ply your pumps,
"You, Clutterbuck, come stir your stumps,
"Why are you in such doleful dumps?
"A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
"What are they fear'd on, fools? 'od rot 'em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

THEATRES, &c.

COVENT-GARDEN.

SINCE the appearance of our last Number, General Burgoyne's Opera, *The Lord of the Manor* has been revived at this Theatre;—to say the music is by the late Mr. Jackson of Exeter, is to say that it possesses every excellence of that well-known canzonette composer: to these airs were added some by the composers of the present day, combining, on the whole, a rich musical treat. Although this Opera was first brought out in 1781, there are some allusions which are *à propos* to the present times.

We are sorry to see Mr. *Jones* in the nauseous character of a fop, and one which we conceive to be only the fruit of the author's imagination; it has ever appeared to be the delight of dramatists to sink the characters of the higher ranks, who, Heaven knows, act quite foolishly enough without the stage magnifying their foibles; but the theatres being composed of greater numbers of people in middling and low life, than of fashionable spectators, it is policy to write to, and play for the applause of the majority, from whom success is more likely to ensue.—*Incledon* had little to do; it pained us to see an old performer *witnessing* those applauses which used to be showered on him; for *Sinclair* sung his airs with great sweetness; he is now our only hope as a singer of true English ballad; Miss *Bolton* even outdid herself, and Mrs. *Sterling*, though evidently unwell, exerted, with the rest of the performers, all her abilities;—we must not forget Mr. *Duroset*, as principal Huntsman; his voice in parts is full and melodious—we fear not strong enough for so large a theatre,—he evidently laboured under too much diffidence; we should like to hear him more frequently, and in airs better suited to his talents.

On Friday, Nov. 20th, was produced a Farce, written

by Mr. Kenny, called *Love, Law, and Physic*; when we say, that *Liston*, *Matthews*, and *Emery* performed in it, it is needless to say it convulsed the house with laughter; *Matthews's* song of the pleasures of a theatre, is in his usual style. The plot turns in the assumption of Mr. *Matthews* of various characters, in order to procure his friend the lady with whom he is in love;—of course he succeeds, and his imitations of a Yorkshireman, and of several legal characters, notwithstanding the pre-acting of one in the *Weathercock*, by Mr. *Bannister*, brought down peals of applause from all parts of the theatre.—The piece was given out for a second night without a dissenting voice.

We have witnessed the performance of the *once* Master *Betty*, in the character of *Alexander the Great*, in the Tragedy of that name, by Nat. Lee. In such a *strut and whisker part* as this, it would be hardly fair to estimate the whole of Mr. *Betty*'s dramatic abilities. Any man whose lungs are in tolerable order, who possesses a pair of seven league legs, and long arms, may enact this part, made up of rant and bluster; but we owe it a duty to departed genius to say, that some few passages in the love scenes possess a pathos which requires strong feelings to give them effect; in these Mr. *Betty* was evidently deficient; he talked to the ladies in the same tone that he did to his officers,—and the acts, partly from this, and partly from the *stilts* of love on which the ladies stood, reminded us very frequently of many passages in *Tom Thumb* and *Mackheath*.—Mr. *Betty*'s face is too good natured, too chubby and pleasant, ever to be moulded into the deep workings of malignant or violent passions; and there is a huskiness in his voice which prevents the rant he had to vent from electrifying the house as it should have done.—Upon the whole, the part of *Alexander* might, we conceive, have been played equally well as by this gentleman by any second rate performer of the theatre.—We presume the pomp attendant upon this piece, induced the Managers to

prefer this play to many others, in which Mr. *Betty's* powers might be shewn to more advantage; his exit was attended by plaudits and hisses, both of which probably were undiscriminating.—A report prevails, that this gentleman means to devote the profits of his present efforts to his sister's portion; ill-nature rumoured that it was to repair his own; this cannot be true, as it is so vested that he cannot touch more than his yearly income. The Managers pay him 50l. a night, and they presume he brings a hundred to the treasury: with so deserving a motive as that of portioning a sister, he certainly deserves the great addition to his pecuniary funds which his provincial engagement, before he arrived at the metropolis, has gained him. Mrs. *Powel* met with much applause as the injured *Roxana*; Mr. *Egerton's Clytus* was too drolly blunt on some occasions for our liking; but on the whole, although Mr. *Betty* was evidently the clap-trap of the night, the rest of the performers endeavoured to catch a few plaudits from the discerning few.

Mr. *Kemble* is, it is said, engaged to play at Bath and Bristol; how is this? Is it that, ungrateful for the applause of a discerning London public, he refuses to play without having a larger remuneration than our managers can afford to give? or has managerial influence shut out this Ulysses of the theatric art from the sums they pay Mr. *Betty*, or any other Green-room caprice?

"Shall every puny whipster take his sword."

We have since heard that Mr. K. is engaged for the latter part of the season.

We shall probably, in our next, review Mr. *Betty* in some more favourable character.

O. P. and P. S.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

SONNET.

Ah! was't delusion, that my fancy charm'd,
A flitting dream of momentary bliss,
That fled these regions at my grasp alarm'd;
Too transient wand'rer in a world like this?
Ye fairy visions, yet how vain the theme
That courts with suppliant pray'rs thy lenient balm,
Again to low'r on night's radiant beam,
With peaceful slumbers spread a tranquil calm.
But ah! ethereal spirit, thou art fled,
And throbbing woes morn's opening beauties blight;
Its rosy beams, surrounding glooms o'erspread,
Yet, as with anxious care, I trace thy flight,
Hope points to future prospects as thy rise,
And hails thy boundless reign amidst thy native skies.

1812. J. M. B.

FRIENDSHIP.

What is friendship? 'Tis the balm
Cheers affliction's wasted form;
'Tis a wish to shield from harm
Those whom kindred feelings warm.

In life's mazy path a beacon,
Beaming with truth's purest ray;
Sorrow's pang it tends to weaken,
And with roses strews our way.

Gen'rous soother of our care,
When oppression's weight we feel,
Thou the drooping head canst rear,
And the wounded bosom heal.

Parent of each social tie
That the feeling breast holds dear,
Never yet didst thou deny
To suff'ring worth the pitying tear.
Pentonville. J. T.

THE TRAVELLER.

Mark, how by eager fond impatience borne
Yon night o'ertaken trav'ller speeds his way,
Cheer'd by the thought that with the morning's dawn
His native home he shall once more survey;

Fond fancy paints each soft endearing scene,
Presents the cordial welcome to his view,
Shortens the tedious miles that intervene
Between the spot where his first breath he drew.

Of humble birth, by industry sustain'd,
Altho' refinement has not reach'd his cot;
Unknown to guile, peace ever there has reign'd,
Content makes his an enviable lot.

Against his breast, where conscious virtue dwells,
The hollow blast in vain exerts its pow'r;
"Hopes flatt'ring tale," each thought of stay repels,
Though lightnings flash, and heavy falls the show'r.

Soon shall the fears his anxious wife endures
Give place to happiness without alloy;
Soon shall his presence all her grief immure,
And all her sadness be exchang'd for joy.
Pentonville. J. T

SONNET.

No more for me the morn its sweets displays,
For me no more the kindly zephyr blows,
Nor golden Phœbus shoots for me his rays,
Nor spreads its dewy leaves the op'ning rose;
These cannot heal the torments of my mind,
These cannot cure my deep and earnest grief,
Nor can my heart in these a medicine find,
Nor gain from these delights a short relief;
Too, too secure, alas! in youthful pride,
Too, too secure in life's fair, earliest bloom,
My dearest, best beloved brother died,
Left our abode, and sought the lowly tomb.
Who now remains to fill the vacant space?
Who can the tortures of my soul erase?

Highgate. ELIZA MALAN.

A SUPPLICATION FOR THE KING.

By WM. HOLLOWAY, Esq.

GOD of our mercies! from whose hand
Flows ev'ry blessing of our land;
This speck amid the boundless main,
Where freedom, peace, and plenty reign,
While other realms in ruin lie
Beneath ambition's tyranny,—
God of our mercies! in thy love,
Look down, propitious, from above,
In his affliction make his bed,
And raise thy CHOSEN SERVANT'S head;
For thou hast bow'd his honours down,
And wreath'd with thorns the regal crown;
Doom'd with the *life he lov'd** to part,
Parental anguish wrings his heart;
The lenient sceptre of command
Drops unregarded from his hand;

* That of the princess Amelia.

And public cares, that claim relief,
Yield to the weight of private grief.
God of our mercies! speak thy will,
And bid the mental storm be still;
Soon may the KING awake to praise,
To health, and ease, and length of days;
Nor let him to his dust descend
Till peace her olive-branch shall bend
O'er all the bleeding realms afar,
And hush the clang of iron war;
Then let a shouting world attest
This requiem of eternal rest.

H.

ENIGMA.

'Twas late, emerging into birth,
I liv'd—the sov'reign of the earth—
To some I portion'd bitter tears,
Afflictive pangs, and boding fears,
To others joy, to others health,
To others grandeur, fame, and wealth,
With ruling arm dispensing wide
A thousand lots on ev'ry side.

Perhaps there are whose grateful song
Will thank my deeds, and love me long;
Perhaps there are who mourn my reign,
As fraught with tyranny and pain;
'Tis true, I baffled many a scheme,
Deluded many a golden dream,
And robb'd the world of many a prize
That lent its charms to mortal eyes;
Yet sure I am enough was giv'n,
To leave us friends, and make us even;

We request an answer to this from our ingenious Correspondent in time for our January number.

For countless blessings balanc'd still
With equal good the equal ill:
Tho' some may laugh, and some may wail,
'Twas heaven alike that held the scale;
And if prepond'rance sunk it low,
'Twas greater good than greater woe.

Full short and fleeting was my race,
But chequer'd much the little space;
The self same hours of rolling time
Beheld my form in ev'ry clime;
E'en while I sojourn'd distant far
Where rival nations rush to war;
Where the proud Cossack's rav'ning sword
Sweeps to the dust oppression's horde;
In fair Britannia's happier realm,
Where pleasure mocks the glitt'ring helm,
And battle's discord learns to cease,
I dwelt with beauty, love, and peace!

Where am I now?——as with the dead—
For ever lost, for ever fled!
Can wisdom pierce the sable night
That darkly shrouds me in my flight?

Can struggling science tell, or trace
My refuge now, and hiding place?
I am a thing that once has been,
That all have known, and all have seen;
But quick my transient course was o'er,
And they that saw shall see no more!

LYSANDER.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR DECEMBER, 1812.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. Osgood, of Lower Brook-Street.

Morning Dress,—A gown of white muslin, with full eves, a cottage cloak of Spanish green kerseymere, nd with pink ribbon, or tab fringe; bonnet *à la senne.*

Evening Dresses—spite of the pompous manner in which ne of our cotemporaries detail their critique, have un- gone little alteration; they are of white satin, made quite n. Retiring mantle of crimson velvet, bound with d.

* This department of our work is about to be placed he hands of the first engraver of fashions in this country; trust, therefore, that our Number for January will rival works of our cotemporaries.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HE favours of our correspondents, promised insertion this th, which do not appear, are delayed for want of room; shall certainly appear in our next—A letter lies for Mr. t our publisher's—A. Kyne shall be attended to next month. will comply with the request of J. M. B.—W. S. has stly charged Mr. H. Siddons of plagiary; his Song is a nslation from Anacreon; Swift has burlesqued it—With rd to W. R. might he not have written the same thing er the signature of Sinceritas.—We are much obliged to a espondent for his Anagrams; but they are too trite for tion—Maria and A. S. we regret, are too incorrect for tion; in the former, however, there is much hope of po- l perfection.—William lies under a similar predicament- e of the Moralist will appear in January—C.* has our ks.—We feel much obliged to Maria for the loan of a rait—Wildair's communication shall be attended to; we with him that a little poetry of a less sombre complex- would be agreeable.—The incog. *Lysander* will see we him, and value him.—Where is our friend J. M. L.?

* Miss Bolton *having obligingly offered to sit to Wm. Fos- Esq. for her Portrait, we hope to present an Engraving of this to our subscribers which, in point of correctness and elegance equal, if not* exceed, *any we have hitherto given.*

* Where can we address a line to him?



BRITISH MUSEUM 14 SEP 48



MORNING DRESS

EVENING

Published for the Proprietors, DEC^R 1.

1821. *By Geo. Cowie & C^o. 51. Poultry.*

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